

128 JUVENILE RAMBLES.

just awe and reverence for God, which all his humble creatures ought to have.

But see, the coach is waiting at the door, to take me to London. I hope, however, that the instruction I have given you in these rambles will not be thrown away, but that you will treasure them in your mind, and convince me, on my return, that my endeavours have not been in vain. Be dutiful to your parents, affable and courteous with your equals, and tender, liberal, and compassionate to your inferiors. Come and kiss me, my pretty little angels! Do not cry, Charlotte! I shall soon see you again, Billy! So God bless you both, and good bye.

T H E E N D.